

The QUARRY

By JOHN A. MOROSO

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SYNOPSIS

James Montgomery, an innocent country lad, is arrested for killing a bank watchman. His fingerprints are taken by the New York police.

His old mother pleads in vain for him with Detective Michael Kearney. Montgomery is placed on trial for his life, charged with murder.

Convicted of murder in the second degree, he is sent to Sing Sing as a life prisoner and enters the machine shop.

His cellmate, Bill Hawkins, a burglar, plans to aid Montgomery in escaping from the prison.

Bill makes Montgomery a suit of clothes, but it is seized. Montgomery crawls into a box of machinery that is to leave the prison.

Escaping, he hides in the New Jersey marshes and changes his clothing for that of a drowned man.

Detective Kearney vainly questions Bill Hawkins concerning Montgomery's whereabouts. Montgomery becomes a thug and travels nights.

As "John Nelson," Montgomery enters a cotton mill and invents very valuable machinery. He meets Molly Bryan, a beautiful girl.

They fall in love with each other. "Nelson" learns that Detective Kearney is still hunting for him. He notifies Bill of his whereabouts.

(Continued from last week)

The two chatted until bedtime. Mr. Bryan enjoyed more than one cigar as he studied Nelson and coming to the conclusion that he would make no mistake in advancing him until he joined the board of directors of his company and became his right hand man in the operation of the great plant under his care.

Nelson went to his room. Thoughts of Molly must have followed him, for he seemed to feel her presence as he stood at an open window and stared out into the darkness. He was in love, deeply, wonderfully, tragically in love. Yet, trying to master himself, he realized the barrier that separated them. If she came to him to share her life with his she would enter a cloud without a silver lining.

In the records of the courts of the land he was written down as a convicted murderer. A price was upon his head! A human bloodhound was sniffing the world over for a scent that would fetch him to bay.

There was one way and one way only to lead him to happiness. With the wealth he gathered he would prosecute a hunt for the real murderer. He felt that the time had come for him to set about this task. A large reward might aid in bringing about the capture of the man. But who would offer it? Detectives might be employed in every city of the country to seek him out, but who would employ them? Menace most dreadful would be his the moment he stirred from the cover he had found in this peaceful mill city.

After all he was nothing but an escaped convict!

CHAPTER X.

The Hand of the Law Stretches Out.

AFTER his visit to the Bryans and his meeting with Molly, Nelson struggled heroically to put aside thoughts of love.

He sought to divert his mind by charitable work among the poor and ignorant of the mill hands. Nelson began to give a part of each day to helping those who were in dire need, in seeing that the sick were healed and that the hungry were fed.

It was while on one of these little journeys, which he made secretly, that he again came in contact with Molly Bryan. He found her struggling to straighten out the affairs of a family in one of the bleak little cottages provided for the workers. The father of the family had gone off with another woman. The mother had just added another baby to her already large brood, and there was only the meager pay of the two oldest children to keep the wolf from the door.

He found Molly playing the part of a ministering angel in this misery-embowered home. She made him understand that she appreciated his work for the poor and that she was interested in him. But he avoided acceptance of invitations to visit the Bryan home.

Although Nelson devoted every hour of the day for the next succeeding four months to perfecting a second invention, the winter proved a period of mental agony to him. His second invention was tested in due time and brought him an even larger financial reward than the first, but, try as he might, he could not throw from him the great love that absorbed his soul. His thoughts dwelt upon Molly Bryan as he worked, and his nights were filled with dreams of her.

At times he was perilously near casting the dice with fate and declaring his love for her and asking her to be his wife. But when it seemed that the soul within him would parch and perish if he did not take that step his brave nature asserted itself, and he passed through the fire of affliction safely.

With a part of the money that began

to flow into his possession from royalties, as his machines were put on the market, he bought stock in the mill where he was employed. He was chosen a director of the company at its January meeting, and Mr. Bryan took him into active co-operation in the direction of the management of the plant.

Neither the mill president nor his daughter could understand Nelson's avoidance of their home. That Nelson loved her Molly knew, with all the intuition of a sensible and sweet girl. That she had given him no reason to believe that he was otherwise than welcome she was equally certain.

It was perhaps the failure of John Nelson to press his suit that made the first feeling of tenderness and admiration she had for him turn quickly into genuine love. It is only that which is hard to grasp, that is denied for a long time, that makes hunger of soul or body.

Toward the end of winter a thing occurred that drove despair into Nelson's heart and made him decide immediately as to his future course.



The Hound Was Still After the Quarry.

son's heart and made him decide immediately as to his future course.

Mr. Bryan entered his office in the mill and handed him a letter that had been opened. In the left hand corner of the envelope was the seal of the city of New York and the printed words, "Department of Police, New York City."

"You might read this for your own guidance, Nelson," said Mr. Bryan, "and then pass it along to the foreman of the various departments."

Nelson drew forth the letter, a mimeographed sheet, asking that a lookout be kept for James Montgomery, escaped convict and murderer, sentenced

for life to Sing Sing. The man the police wanted was an expert machinist, was likely to apply for work anywhere in the industrial sections of the country, and then followed a minute description of feature and build of body.

"The hound was still after the quarry," "I'll look after it, Mr. Bryan," he managed to say.

"What's the matter today?" asked the president. "You look pale and worried."

"Nothing—nothing serious, at any rate," replied Nelson.

"You are working too hard; better take it easy for awhile," advised Mr. Bryan. He patted the floor of his right hand man's office for a moment, stroking his gray mustache.

"Look here, Nelson," he said, in a kindly, half troubled tone, "something has been worrying you all winter. What is it? Tell it to me. I am your friend."

Nelson's face was as white as the snow on the ground outside. It was not the caliber of the man to lie. If he had tried to lie he would have made a bungle of it.

"I can't tell you," he replied.

"Is it Molly?" asked Mr. Bryan.

Nelson did not reply. He could not. "She thinks a great deal of you, my boy," said her father.

Nelson left his desk and stood before Molly Bryan's kindly father. A confession of his love for the daughter trembled on his lips. He felt that at any moment a torrent of words would pour forth from him and lay bare the whole tragic, terrible story hidden in his breast. Under the secret he carried his heart lay like a stone. He would have given his left arm to have closed his office door and made his confession, but he had been hunted long enough to feel the sense of caution exert itself.

Mr. Bryan returned to his office, and Nelson tore into tiny bits the police circular. He would have to go away. There were two reasons. The hound was near the quarry; his plight was bringing sadness to the woman he loved. Not more than a score of miles beyond his office window the boundary lines of South Carolina tapered between North Carolina and Tennessee, making a mountainous corner. There few of the people could read. The questions they asked were about the weather and the scant crops of corn from which they illicitly distilled enough whisky to provide them with money for clothes and medicine. Their habitat was called the Dark Corner.

He would withdraw into his shadows. Perhaps, after a few years, he could come out of the wilderness with safety and find Molly Bryan waiting for him. It was sweet for him to think that any one would wait his coming.

At first the scheme seemed visionary, but careful study of it convinced him that it was not only a plausible plan, but the safest one he could devise. He would buy a few acres and

build himself a home and a workshop. His determination to devote all his energies to invention for a number of years was logical and would furnish the necessary explanation.

In the spring, while the snow still lay upon the ground in shady places, Nelson attacked the wilderness with a gang of workmen. He had bought 500 acres in the Dark Corner. Here he lived in a shanty with his workers, as they made a clearing and he directed the blasting and cutting of rock from the unscarred sides of the mountains for his foundations.

When his castle in the Dark Corner neared completion he journeyed back to Greenville, arriving there in the night. He timed himself so that he caught an express train north. In a distant city the next day he wrote and inclosed with a dollar certificate this personal, addressed to the business office of the Herald in New York: "Bill—Greenville—19—3—Kid."

The number 19 meant the nineteenth letter of the alphabet, "S," and the number 3 meant the third letter, "C."

Of all the men in the world there was but one that he felt he could surely trust, one that fully believed him, one that would come and help him, and this man with the succor he called for now was a convict.

Nelson's castle in the Dark Corner took shape rapidly. It rose two and a half stories above a basement of rock. From the upper windows he was given a clear view of every point of the circle where sky and earth met. The outside was painted a neutral color, so that only a keen pair of eyes at a distance would have picked out the habitation amid the surrounding shade trees.

The high basement was planned for kitchen, servants and storage purposes. The first floor was arranged for his workshop, the floor above for his living quarters, and the top of half story was to remain closed against every human hand save that of Nelson.

There was gossip among the machinists and laborers who uncared the masses of steel and iron that had been hauled over the mountain roads, for among the things that were not deposited on the laboratory floor were certain weights with leather clasps about the thickness of a man's ankle. There were also iron bars and affairs of rope and polished wood that looked like trapezes and gymnastic apparatus used in the circus. These things were placed at the foot of the stairs leading to the attic. There was a heavy lock to the door, and the master of the strange mountain castle never parted with the key.

A small electric plant was installed to provide power for his shop and lighting.

Built against one side of the castle was a cement garage, in which was kept a motor of powerful build and finest engines. It had been constructed especially to stand the strain of broken mountain roads and carried a huge

(Continued Next Week.)

NOTICE

WHEREAS, At a meeting of the Township Board acting as Board of Health of the Township of Pine River, County of Gratiot and State of Michigan, it was by said Board deemed desirable and necessary for the public health and convenience of the inhabitants of said Township that the burying grounds belonging to said Township and located on Section 19 in said Township be enlarged by the acquisition of the following described Real Estate to-wit: Commencing at the northwest corner of said cemetery being 6 rods north and 14 rods west of the northeast corner of the southeast quarter of Section 19, Township 12, north Range 3 west Michigan, thence west 13 rods 5 and 1-2 feet, thence south 12 rods thence east 13 rods 5 and 1-2 feet, thence north to place of beginning, and, Whereas, in accordance with action of said Board, its clerk has made application to Lee W. Raycraft one of the Justices of the Peace in and for said Township for a Jury of the Vicinage to ascertain and determine the necessity for using such Real Estate for the purpose above mentioned, and also to ascertain and determine the just compensation to be paid to the owners of such Real Estate, and Whereas, it appears that certain of the owners of such Real Estate are unknown, non-residents of the County, minors, or non compos mentis:—

Therefore, to all such owners and to all other persons interested,

TAKE NOTICE, That a Jury of the Vicinage has been ordered to convene at the Wright School House on said Section before Lee W. Raycraft, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for said township, on the 10th day of April, A. D. 1915, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon of said day for the purpose of ascertaining and determining the necessity for using said Real Estate for the purpose hereinbefore mentioned and the just compensation to be paid for the Real Estate found to be required by said Board.

Dated February 25, 1915.

Signed: Board of Health of Pine River Township.

By LEO H. WOOD, Clerk.

LEE W. RAYCRAFT, Justice of the Peace.

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OBITUARY.

Jennie, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Everden, died Thursday morning at her home, after an illness of only a few days of diabetes. Jennie was sixteen years old on Sunday, the day of her funeral. She was a particularly sweet and loving girl, and her death was a shock to her parents, as well as to her many friends in the high school and in this community. The parents have the deepest sympathy in their time of loss. Rev. C. L. Beebe, pastor of the Ithaca M. E. church conducted the service, which was held at the residence Sunday afternoon, and the large number of beautiful floral tributes signified the deep regard and sympathy of the friends. Mrs. Everden's mother, Mrs. Place, came from Buffalo Saturday, and will remain a couple of weeks at Ithaca. Interment was made in the family lot at Ithaca.

Mr. Everden is in ill health, having been unable to look after his business and office duties for some time past.

KLEES SCHOOL DIST. NO. 2

The eighth grade will take up reading this week.

Mrs. William Donovan and daughter Beatrice and Dorothy Huntley went to Sheridan last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Jolly and son Forest were callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wharton Sunday.

Mrs. Chas. Joseph and daughter were callers at Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wharton last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Black spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Pugsley.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sherman and son and Mrs. Arthur Merriam and son were callers at William Straton's home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Reid and daughters were callers at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wharton Sunday.

LOCEY DISTRICT NEWS

Arthur Haber has returned to Owosso where he has found employment.

Mr. and Mrs. John Anna were Alma visitors Wednesday.

The families from Illinois are moving on their farm purchased of Will Harry and Mr. and Mrs. Harry have moved on their farm purchased of Frank Bollinger.

Mr. Charles Hawk visited at Sherman Hawk's home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Anna and Miss Yada and Clara Anna called at Sherman Hawk's Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Rockwell is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Charles Hawk.

The party at Cook's home was well attended and a fine time is reported.

The prayer meeting at the Church Wednesday evening was well attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Koons have returned to Alma.

COUNTY LINE

S. T. Richardson visited at the home of James Salter Sunday.

Ralph Ferrenburg is sick with the measles.

Will Thomas and wife visited at the home of D. Conley, Wednesday.

Ezra and Chas. Richardson attended the tabernacle meeting in Alma Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Smith are entertaining an uncle and cousin from Canada and an aunt from Alma this week.

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Probate Court for the County of Gratiot.

At a session of said Court, held at the Probate Office in the Village of Ithaca, in said County, on the 4th day of March, A. D. 1915,

Present, Hon. J. Lee Potts, Judge of Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of Henry C. Worden, deceased.

Burton H. Worden, a son, having filed his petition, praying that an instrument filed in said Court be admitted to Probate as the last will and testament of said deceased and that administration of said estate be granted to Burton H. Worden or some other suitable person.

It is Ordered, That the 5th day of April, A. D. 1915, at ten A. M., at said Probate Office is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is Further Ordered, That Public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy hereof for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the Alma Record, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County.

J. LEE POTTS, Judge of Probate.

(A true copy) Belle Jenne, Clerk of Probate.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, Eastern District of Michigan,—vs. UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

Charles S. Naldrett, John Martin Montigel, and Isaac Hewitt Defendants.

Judgment rend'd Aug. 17, 1914. Damages \$8,405.19. Costs, \$44.73.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, Take Notice, that by virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias, issued out of the District Court for the Western District of Michigan, in a certain cause wherein the United States of America, is plaintiff, and Charles S. Naldrett, John Martin Montigel and Isaac Hewitt, are defendants,

against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of John Martin Montigel I did, on the 17th day of February, A. D. 1915 levy upon the following described pieces or parcels of land situated in the county of Gratiot, State of Michigan, to-wit:

S. E. 1-4 of Sec. 1, Hamilton Township.

Lot 59 Hall and Sharrars Add. to City of Alma.

Lots 7, 8, 9, 12 and 13, in Block 19, City of Alma.

East 1-2 of Lots 4 and 5 in Block 28, City of Alma.

Lot 11 in Pulfrey's Add. to City of Alma.

Lots 14 and 15 in Block 20, City of Alma.

Lot 21 in Woodward's Add. to City of Alma.

HENRY BEHRENDT, U. S. Marshall.

H. C. HALLER, Deputy Marshal.

Dated this 17th day of February, A. D. 1915. 1876 t 6.

Second-Hand STORE

Traveling Bags and Suitcases

New and Second-Hand Furniture

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2 h. p. McVicker

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FOR

1 Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations... 25

2 Worms, Worm Fever... 25

3 Cough, Crying and Wakefulness of Infants... 25

4 Diarrhea, of Children and Adults... 25

5 Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis... 25

6 Toothache, Facies, Neuralgia... 25

7 Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo... 25

8 Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach... 25

9 Croup, Hoarse Cough, Laryngitis... 25

10 Salt Rheum, Erysipelas... 25

11 Rheumatism, Lumbago... 25

12 Fever and Ague, Malaria... 25

13 Piles, Blood or Hemorrhoids, External, Internal... 25

14 Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in Head... 25

15 Whooping Cough... 25

16 Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing... 25

17 Kidney Disease... 25

18 Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness... 1.00

19 Urinary Incontinence, Wetting bed... 25

20 Sore Throat, Quinsy... 25

21 La Grippe—Grip... 25

Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price.

HUMPHREYS' MEDICAL BOOKS, 100 N. 3rd St., New York.



SWISHER Dying and Cleaning Address Changed from 121 to 117 1/2 Superior St.

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It holds the road at 50 miles an hour

The ignition system is a Sims high tension magneto, and the transmission is three speed—selective sliding gears. It has 34 elliptic rear springs, which assures its riding as easy as any car made and has a famous make of anti-skid tires on the rear wheels.

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